

THE SPECTRE.

Ut primum juxta stetit, agnovitque per umbras
Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat, per nubila lunam;
Dimisit lachrymas, dulcique affatus amore est:
‘Funeris, heu! tibi causa fui?—per sidera juro,
‘Invitus—tuo de litore cessi.’

VIRGIL.

VOL. II.

L O N D O N:
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M.DCC.LXXXIX.

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L E T T E R X X X I I I .

Miss LAWSON to Miss SACKVILLE.

Ashton.

I AM sorry to find my dear Lucy in
so desponding a strain. At pre-
sent therefore I shall urge the sub-
ject of my last letter no further; but
will endeavour to divert you, by relat-

VOL. II.

B

ing

ing a ridiculous adventure that happened at **** assembly last week, where I happened to be present.

It seems, the meeting before, a Dr. Newcombe was very much offended with the company for not giving his Lady, Mrs. Newcombe, that precedence to which he was convinced she had a just claim. The Doctor, however, was determined to set them right in this particular, and make them ashamed of their ignorance of the laws of etiquette. Accordingly, just as the country dances were beginning, and Mrs. ****, whose husband is a man of the first family and fortune in the county, was going to call the dance, he marched very pompously
up

up the room, and calling out to the gentleman who took the trouble of regulating the evening's amusement, said,

' Sir, I take this opportunity of convincing you of your total ignorance of the laws of decorum.—See here,

' Sir. Here you perceive that Mrs.

' Newcombe—that the lady of a Doctor of Divinity—has a right to take place of the wife of any sort of Esquire; for of Esquires there are several sorts.'

On saying this he produced a large book, which contained a table of precedence, and began to read aloud the order of rank, dwelling particularly on that of Doctor of Divinity, which he plainly shewed preceded that of any

degree of Esquire whatever. All the company smiled at this strange exhibition; and no one more cordially than the lady whose usurped rank had occasioned it. For she had sense, and good breeding, to see it only in the ridiculous light it merited.

Mr. ****, however, who is a man of humour, came up to him, and with the gravest face imaginable, said—‘ Dr. Newcombe, I have not the smallest doubt of your precedency over us country squires. It is a distinction that your learning and dignity deserve; and I highly applaud that spirit, so congenial with the character of your profession, which induces you to
‘ assert

‘ assert it in this public manner. And,
‘ depend upon it, I shall always be
‘ ready to yield to you the chair at a
‘ quarter session, the first slice at an
‘ ordinary, or the upper place at a ball,
‘ when you chuse to dance. But you
‘ will oblige me by turning to see how
‘ this matter is as to the ladies.’

To this circumstance the Doctor had not before adverted; and as he cast his eye anxiously over the page, his confusion became every instant more manifest; till at length he was obliged to avow, he could find no mention at all of the Doctor of Divinity’s Lady. It is difficult to say which was greatest on this occasion, the mortification of the

illustrious pair, or the rest of the company's enjoyment of it.

I own I felt hurt to see a man of acknowledged abilities a dupe to so ridiculous a pride; and subjecting to public derision, by so contemptible a piece of vanity, the minister of a religion, founded on meekness, humility, and self-denial.

Adieu,

EMILY LAWSON.

LETTER XXXIV.

Miss SACKVILLE to Miss LAWSON.

Bath.

I FEEL myself greatly obliged to you for your entertaining letter. I cannot yet shake off my uneasiness; and an accident that happened here the other day, which has cast a gloom over the whole place, has not contributed to raise my spirits. Though if seeing infinitely superior degrees of wretchedness fall to the lot of others, were the means of consoling our own distress, I have ample room for consolation.

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Mr.

Mr. Edwards, a young gentleman of fortune, came lately to this place with an amiable young woman, to whom he was on the point of being married. They were to stay a month here, while his house in the country was preparing for their reception. They had been contracted almost from their infancy, with the consent of their parents; and living near each other in the country, the intimacy and regard of a brother and sister gradually ripened into a softer affection; and, as far as human foresight could judge, there appeared every prospect of connubial happiness, in its most perfect state, and founded on the firmest basis.

But,

But, alas! this was never to be put to the trial. Mr. Edwards, a few days only before the intended marriage, being engaged at billiards; one of those pests of society, a gambler, entered the room, and betted on his play. Being unsuccessful, he let fall some expressions reflecting on the fairness of the proceeding; an insinuation which Mr. Edwards could not avoid warmly resenting. One word produced another, till a challenge was the consequence. They met the next morning on Claverton Down, where Mr. Edwards received a ball through his breast, and instantly expired. His intended bride was so affected by it, that she has entirely lost her intellects, and
raves

raves in a manner too shocking for description.

After this melancholy tale, I will relate to you a conversation that happened in consequence of it, upon the fatal custom of duelling, that most dreadful instance of the influence of ancient prejudice on modern manners. The day after this tragical event, we were all sitting after dinner, where, besides the family, Col. Eccles, and Mr. Wilton, a respectable clergyman, were present. The discourse naturally turned on what was so strongly imprinted on our minds, the unfortunate duel: and the absurdity, as well as cruelty, of so savage a custom in an enlightened age, and among a people

ple who boast so much of their wisdom and refinement, was arraigned in the strongest terms. Mrs. Borroughs was moved even to tears, by the reflection that she had a son whom the best heart, and the mildest disposition, might not exempt from the dreadful necessity of one day hazarding his life against a desperate ruffian. The gentlemen acquiesced in general condemnation of the practice: and Col. Eccles added, that, though a foldier himself, he had nothing to say in vindication of a crime too prevalent among officers of the army. It was true it might have some influence in correcting the roughness of manners, which men, living in habits of the greatest freedom

freedom with each other, might be liable to contract: and in general, among Englishmen at least, it was not so frequent as to have a very dangerous effect. But while the present dreadful example was before his imagination, he could not but wish some method might be found of putting an entire stop to so fatal a proceeding. Yet, though this was his wish, he confessed he had no hopes of seeing that wish accomplished; as he could not conceive any law could be invented to check it. Capital punishment must be ineffectual to deter men from doing an action, which can only be done by those who profess a contempt of death. And how shall a deed be stigmatized

matized as infamous, which all the inhabitants of Europe agree in calling honorable?

‘ In regard to the last position,’ replied Mr. Wilton, ‘ I have my doubts if that will long be the case, in England at least. Whatever it may be in other nations, and in one especially which is particularly connected with us—in this country, I am certain, the reputation of the duellist is rapidly declining. A man who seeks that character, is sure of being universally detested and avoided; and where a person has the misfortune to be forced into an affair of that kind, it will always be considered by his friends as
a mis-

‘ a misfortune, whatever may be the
‘ issue of it: and I never yet conversed
‘ with a man of sense, who had been
‘ reduced to the necessity of fighting a
‘ duel, who did not waive the subject as
‘ much as possible, whenever it was in-
‘ troduced; or, if he was obliged to
‘ mention it, did not always do it in terms
‘ of humiliation, rather than triumph.’

Sir Edward Lawson, now taking up
the conversation, said, ‘ I am so con-
‘ vinced of the truth of Mr. Wilton’s
‘ observation, that I have hardly a doubt
‘ of seeing the savage practice of duel-
‘ ing almost, if not quite, eradicated
‘ from this island. And if a brave and
‘ warlike people like the English, and
‘ who

‘ who are reckoned by their neighbours
‘ to pay a less regard to their lives than
‘ perhaps they really do, should univer-
‘ sally reprobate this custom, not only
‘ as barbarous, but disgraceful, the rest
‘ of Europe would soon follow their
‘ example. For this reason, and as
‘ even at present (notwithstanding the
‘ melancholy instance now in our con-
‘ templation) the real fatal effects of
‘ duelling are very rare; I doubt much
‘ whether there is a necessity to check
‘ its progress by any new or severer
‘ laws. But, if it were necessary, I own
‘ I think I have formed a plan from a
‘ hint I have met with in some writer *;

* The idea of punishing the aggressor only,
is suggested by the Marquis de Beccaria.

‘ but

“ but where I do not recollect, that
“ would not only put a stop to the fre-
“ quent practice of it, but leave what-
“ ever good effects it may be supposed
“ to have, in full force. The scheme I
“ mean is this—A law should be pass-
“ ed, compelling the magistrates of any
“ place where a duel is fought, under a
“ severe penalty, to enquire into all the
“ circumstances relating to it, by a re-
“ spectable jury to be assembled for that
“ purpose; and whoever, after a minute
“ investigation of every thing that gave
“ rise to it, should be found really the
“ aggressor (by this I do not mean uni-
“ versally, the challenger, for an inno-
“ cent person may by ill treatment
“ be

‘ be compelled to give a challenge),
‘ should, on conviction, be condemned
‘ to three, six, or twelve months solitary
‘ confinement, at the discretion of the
‘ jury. After such a law, I believe the
‘ practice of duelling would be very
‘ much disused: and I see no reason
‘ why a mode of punishment might
‘ not be applied to the higher ranks of
‘ society, which, we are told, has been
‘ found so efficacious in correcting the
‘ enormities of the lower. Though per-
‘ haps the introduction of it at all, with-
‘ out an express act of the legislature,
‘ was a stretch of judicial authority, not
‘ perfectly consistent with the free spirit
‘ of the British constitution.’

Thus ended a conversation, which, at this time especially, was particularly interesting to us all; which we listened to with great attention; and (though I have only given the heads of it) in which the ladies occasionally joined; who, you may imagine, were not backward in deprecating a practice which sacrifices the peace, the happiness, and sometimes the support, of a family to its capricious cruelty.

Adieu, my dear Emily. Believe me,

Your

LUCY SACKVILLE.

LETTER XXXV.

Col. ECCLES to Dr. ANDREWS.

Bath.

YOU know my business at Bath was to receive the son of my worthy friend, Sir William Thompson, from Ireland; who, dying in India, bequeathed to me the management of his son's fortune and education. The first will be no difficult task, as it is all in money; but the latter I look upon as a sacred deposit indeed. Conscious of my own deficiency in that point, aware of the many disadvantages I suffered from it,

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and

and remembering the great application and labour it cost me, in an advanced period of life, to supply the want of early instruction—I should think myself a betrayer of the trust reposed in me, if I did not give my most serious consideration to the choice of that mode of education which it would be eligible to adopt.

Perhaps, my good friend, after the many conversations we have had on this subject—your strong arguments in favour of a public school, and my consequent determination of sending young Thompson to Eaton—you may be surprised to find me now wavering. But I will explain the cause which has in some measure

measure shaken my opinion of our great public seminaries, notwithstanding the many arguments you have so often urged in their favour.

I have been introduced here, by Sir Edward Lawson, to a very respectable family of the name of Borroughs, where I have, with him, passed the greatest part of my time. They have one daughter, an agreeable and accomplished young woman; and one son, who is just arrived from Oxford, where he has been entered only a few months, having lately left Eton, with the character of one of the best scholars of the place. This account I have not only had from Sir Edward Lawson, who has been long very

intimate with the family; but I have heard it confirmed by one of the principal masters, who is now here, and who spoke of him in the highest terms of commendation, and declared he was an honour to the school that educated him.

This character induced me to cultivate his acquaintance, which, as he is a youth particularly open and ingenuous in his manners, I found no difficulty in doing. I led him as much as possible into a variety of conversation, not doubting but I should receive both pleasure and instruction on the several topics we entered upon. But judge of my disappointment, when I found him totally uninformed on most of them. Of geography,

graphy, mathematics, natural philosophy, and modern history, he seemed to have very little idea. But having heard that men of learning often apply themselves so much to the study of antiquity, as to neglect the writers of the present time, I turned the conversation to ancient history, and the military establishments of Greece and Rome; subjects, especially the latter, which I thought it my professional duty to make myself as much master of as was possible, without a knowledge of the ancient languages.—Imagine how my surprize was increased, to be equally disappointed here.—With the fabulous heroes of the poets he was well acquainted, as well as with the

striking actions and characters of the principal Greek and Roman warriors. But he was entirely at a loss, when I entered upon any regular or chronological account of the history of those celebrated nations, or the relation they bore to each other. Perpetually ready to quote striking passages from the ancient historians, in language I did not understand, I found him as totally ignorant of the continued series of events, recorded by Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, as he was of Rapin, Mezeray, and Davila: and of the divisions and officers of the Greek and Roman armies he was as little informed, as he was (and indeed as I expected to find him) of the theory

theory of modern tactics; for that is a study which does not seem much cultivated even by military men.

I took an early opportunity of mentioning this to Sir Edward Lawson, and at the same time of expressing my wonder, that a young man so celebrated for his literary attainments, and who was obviously possessed of an excellent natural understanding, should appear so very deficient on subjects, a knowledge of which is evidently the object of a learned education. To which I received the following answer: That the principal point insisted on in our great schools, was composition of prose and verse in the ancient languages; and that who-

ever

ever was eminently excellent in those exercises, and especially in imitating the style of the best Latin writers, was sure of being esteemed of the first abilities in the school, however inferior his acquisitions might be in other kinds of knowledge; and, without that accomplishment, no other attainments, however solid, would recommend him to notice. That, it was true, of late, more attention was paid to general knowledge in our great schools than formerly; but still Latin composition was looked upon in so superior a light, that the possessing a brilliancy in that, more than compensated for every other defect.

This confession, from a man so competent

tent to judge of the matter, has, I own, staggered my resolution of sending young Thompson to Eton. What can be the use of sacrificing those years of youth, in which so many useful acquisitions of knowledge might be made, to the sole purpose of writing with elegance in two languages, in which, in all human probability, he never will have occasion to write at all, and which it is most likely he will forget to read? For I have often heard yourself declare, that of those men who have had what is called a learned education (the clergy excepted), not one in fifty, after they have left school ten years, can construe a line in Virgil, nor one in five hundred a line in Homer.

Another

Another circumstance also struck me lately, which has contributed to decrease my veneration for classical learning. One principal reason which has always made me regret the want of a liberal education is, the great number of Latin quotations that are perpetually occurring in almost every author we read, and without understanding which, the tendency of the whole passage must often be very imperfectly comprehended.—As we were sitting at breakfast yesterday morning, Miss Borroughs, reading an essay in the newspaper, was interrupted by a scrap of Latin. She immediately applied to her brother for an explanation; but neither he, nor Sir Edward Lawton,

Lawson, who was also consulted, could give any interpretation that was at all satisfactory. On which Miss Borroughs observed, smiling, that she believed nobody understood Latin perfectly well—that when she met with a French quotation, in any book, she could readily read it into English; but whenever she applied to her brother, or any one else, for the explanation of a Latin sentence, after puzzling themselves for five or ten minutes, they hammered out something like a meaning, which nobody could make head or tail of. I confess this lively observation struck me very forcibly—I recollect the thing having happened to myself repeatedly.

I confess

I confess I am at a loss to comprehend this. What am I to infer from it? After all the pains taken to acquire the learned languages, do the generality of people forget them in a few years? and is nobody ever perfectly master of them?—I should esteem it as a favour, if you would satisfy my doubts on this subject as soon as you conveniently can, as I confess I am impatient till they are cleared up.—Believe me,

Your sincere friend,

GEORGE ECCLES.

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. ANDREWS to Col. ECCLES.

Ashton.

I AM not surprised, after the observations you mention, that you should have adopted some of those prejudices which I fear are too generally gaining ground against a public education. That there are errors in every system, is evident; and that the best mode of education among us is liable to many and great objections, I shall very readily confess: but, with all the faults that can be urged against it, I
am

am so perfectly convinced that the discipline of a public school, followed by some time spent at one of our universities (without which I own it will be incomplete, and often useless) is so much superior to any other mode, in this or any other country, for the purpose of forming that open, liberal, manly character, which I hope will always distinguish the English gentleman; that I should be very sorry to see you adopt hastily any other plan for the education of a youth, in whose welfare you are so nearly interested.

I shall therefore endeavour to answer your objections, not for the purpose of supporting a favourite hypothesis, but
because

because I am thoroughly convinced a public education has many advantages which no private one can pretend to.

Young minds are little capable of retaining a variety of subjects with precision and discrimination. At an early age, the powers of memory and imagination are in their fullest vigour; but the judgment does not ripen till a later period. At that time it is surely most proper to furnish the mind with those impressions it is most capable of receiving, and which it would be an insuperable and disgusting labour to gain at a more advanced age—such as the acquisition of words, and the knowledge of grammar; and to lead it to those studies, which are most likely to strike a youth-

ful fancy—as the sublimity of thought, and beauties of style, with which the classic writers so eminently abound. But if we load the mind at that time with a number of objects which it is impossible for it to comprehend, and endeavour to fill it with ideas of things instead of words, there may indeed be a superficial appearance of general information; but, like all other edifices that are built on a weak foundation, it will want solidity and permanency: it may deceive the casual looker on with a shew of splendor, but the eye of careful investigation will soon discover its defects. Indeed the very thing which we wish to avoid will take place, and that accompanied with serious disadvantages, which nothing

thing but a superior understanding will ever afterwards be able to overcome. The young mind, being only capable of retaining words and lively images, will receive the names of things, instead of things themselves; and employ fancy on matters that ought to be the objects of judgment. Surely it is better to learn words only, knowing them to be such—and amuse the youthful imagination with the flowers of poetry and oratory—than, while we are in fact alone capable of learning words, to believe we are acquiring a knowledge of things; and to direct the warmth of a youthful mind to those subjects which can only be comprehended by the steadier powers of reason and reflection. To what can this lead

but partial and confused ideas on every thing we are informed of, and false conceptions on those subjects which it is most essential for us to judge of with readiness and perspicuity? We shall not only lose the opportunity of learning at a tender age what can then alone be learned with ease, and retained with certainty; but we may have the additional misfortune of receiving wrong impressions, which no future pains may be able to eradicate; and gain a habit of weak and superficial reasoning, which our most assiduous care may vainly endeavour to correct.

I know the masters of private academies make large promises on this head; and I have met with several boys, educated under a private tutor, who were
able

able to talk a great deal on general subjects, and have been much spoken of for their universal attainments. But, in these cases, the man has seldom justified the expectations of the boy; and these early prodigies of science, like other forced productions of art, however they may surprise by their premature appearance, always betray an inferiority to the perfect fruits of genuine nature.

As to the observation you quote, from me, of the few persons who retain the classical learning they gain at school, I am sorry to say it is equally applicable to every other branch of science. The present age is not famous for general learning, though it abounds

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with

with a superficial shew of it. A kind of universal smattering, if I may use so obsolete a word—a slight species of information, sufficient to enable a man to appear affectedly scientific in conversation—it is true may be collected from newspapers and magazines. But newspapers and magazines are the only studies of ninety-nine out of a hundred of those men who ever read at all; while cards, sporting, and politics form their only conversation.—In this the other sex have greatly the advantage; their reading is much more frequent and general. The minds of the younger part of them are not so much rivetted to the card-table; and novels, absurd and even
perni-

pernicious as some of them in many respects are, have at least a tendency to give a better style to composition than the barren pages of a political essay.

Yet I would by no means recommend the education of a public school, when it is not to be followed by some stay at one of our universities. Slack as their discipline is, especially to men of fortune, there are still inducements to literature not to be found in any other place: and in one of our universities, the head * of the largest and noblest foundation in Europe, has not only in-

* To persons acquainted with the University of Oxford, it is needless to say, that this is an imperfect tribute to the merits of the present Dean of Christ Church.

troduced a strict discipline, without making any distinction of rank and fortune; but leads the young men under his care, both by precept and example, to every solid attainment that should dignify, and every shining accomplishment that should adorn, the first characters in a great and polished community. But even in colleges of a more relaxed discipline, the society of many of their early companions excites an emulation in those youths who have formerly been noticed at school: and an illiterate young man, from the usual conversation of the place, will often be the object of contempt and ridicule; a circumstance that never can happen any where else.

Indeed

Indeed I recollect few instances of those who have gone immediately from school to a profession, or to idleness, without some previous residence at an university, who retained much of their school learning; though, I am sorry to add, the instances are frequent that occur to me, of those who have been at the university without retaining any of it.

I think the words of Mr. Pope, with a trifling alteration, may be strictly applied to the classics:

• A little learning is an *useless* thing;

• Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

A boy who is intended for early business, will only waste his first years by spending them at a public school; and there are
other

other pursuits, which are almost equally dependent on mere memory with words, that may very well employ his time; as, for instance, arithmetic, and the accurate knowledge of our own grammar, in which, to our shame be it confessed, men even of learning are in general scandalously incorrect; and are greatly excelled by the well educated part of the other sex. And I must here lament, that the hurry mankind are often necessarily in, to put their sons into that profession which they are to follow in life, obliges many a youth of the fairest promise prematurely to quit those studies, which, had they been properly pursued, would have added an ornament to his

his character, which no other accomplishment can give; and I think this is in no instance more to be regretted, than in those young men who are destined to a military life.

I know it will be urged against my argument, that many men, after passing through the regular course of a public school and the university, are as perfectly illiterate as if they had never been at either. But I am ready to own, a public education is not fitted for a boy of stupid and dull parts; and such a one will be much neglected in any of our great schools. There indeed I should rather recommend a private education, and not insist on too great an attention

to

to the classics; for classical learning can never be properly acquired but by a lad of genius. Pains and application, it is true, may give a perfect grammatical knowledge of the Greek and Latin, as well as of any other language; but there is no kind of knowledge particularly locked up in those languages, or which may not be attained through the medium only of our own. It is for the beauties of the languages themselves, that we study them; it is to become acquainted with the unequalled style, with the sublime conceptions of those ancient models, from which all the taste and elegance of modern compositions have been derived, that we learn Latin and Greek: and a

blond

boy

boy whose genius is not capable of relishing their excellences, had better devote his early years to the acquisition of French, German, or even Dutch, which may be of some use to him, than be slavishly drudging in the mine of science, without a hope of possessing one of the gems it contains.

If therefore your young charge appears to be of a dull, heavy disposition, I should not very zealously recommend a public education; though even then I should advise you to make a trial of his abilities, the true extent of which you might soon faithfully learn from some friend, acquainted with the masters and private tutors of the school. But if he
should

should be a lad of brilliant parts, do not let any ill-founded prejudices deter you from giving those parts the polish of a classical education, for the attainment of which our great public seminaries possess requisites not to be found elsewhere.

I can hardly forbear smiling at the young lady's remark, and your comment on it. The remark however was just, and the reason of the thing is obvious. Latin quotations are generally fragments of a verse; and consequently, though the meaning is immediately clear to the scholar, who knows the whole passage with the context, it is often impossible to explain it to another person, without entering into some detail of
what

what precedes and follows it. Besides, the words cited often allude to some story of ancient history or fable, with which the English reader may be totally unacquainted. This cannot have a fuller illustration than the translated mottos annexed to all the later editions of the Spectator; most of which I am sure would be perfectly unintelligible to me, if I were not previously acquainted with the original.

I have endeavoured, as well as is in my power, to satisfy your doubts: that in doing it I have taken up so much of your time, demands my apologies. Believe me, my dear friend,

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES ANDREWS.

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Yours sincerely,

CHARLES ANDREWS.

LETTER XXXVII.

Mr. WILMOT to Sir EDWARD LAWSON.

Marseilles.
AFTER a voyage that has been chequered with pleasure, difficulty, and danger, I am once more arrived in a city of civilized Europe, a character which can by no means be given to a country under the dominion of Turkish despotism. It is impossible to feel perfectly easy in a place where we know our lives and liberties may depend on the caprice of one man, without any restraint whatever. For though we were
protected

protected by a frigate of force, and the French flag is greatly respected by the Turks—M. St. Amand, with all these advantages, did not think himself able to impress that awe on the Turkish empire, which the Baron Tot says he was able to do alone: a striking instance of veracity and modesty, which no doubt induced a celebrated historian to cite him as an authority at the bottom of his page.

We sailed from the port contiguous to Athens, with a favourable gale; but after we had passed the island of Cythera, and were on the western coast of the Morea, we were overtaken by a sudden storm, and forced to take refuge

in the port of Chiarenza, where we came to an anchor in a small bay, at some distance from the town.

The many places celebrated by the ancients in this neighbourhood, were too strong incentives to my curiosity to be resisted. The names of Pisa, of Olympia, and of Alpheus, the theatre of those heroic games which formed the first æra of regular chronology, and afforded subjects for the muse of a Pindar, inspired me with an enthusiastic veneration: and accordingly I set out from the ship, with an intent to explore the vestiges of that once sacred region, attended by Antonio, and two of the Venetian sailors, one of whom served

us for an interpreter. But, with such guides, my intelligence was very defective; and I had little, except my own imagination, to point out the situation of the respective places.

As we were returning towards the bay, where the vessel lay at anchor, passing down a deep valley, whose bottom was watered by a rapid stream, and whose sides were shagged by the arbutus and wild olive, the offspring possibly for the hallowed plant which furnished the crowns for the Olympic conquerors—we came suddenly upon a cottage inhabited by a Greek family. We entered the door without ceremony, and found them to all appearance in the

deepest distress. A man, about the age of fifty, was sitting on the ground in the silent agony of grief, earnestly regarding a most beautiful young woman, whose elegant form, and lovely face, might have afforded a model for the finest statue of antiquity. She rested her head on the lap of a middle aged woman, who hung over her, mixing her tears with those of her daughter, for so she apparently was. On our entrance, they gave a shriek of terror and surprize. I endeavoured, through the medium of our interpreter, to calm their fears, and explain who we were: in this we soon succeeded. I was very anxious to learn the cause of their distress; and, without much difficulty, I soon

soon prevailed on them to gratify my curiosity.

A neighbouring Turk had by accident seen the young woman; and being struck by her extraordinary beauty, had demanded her in marriage. This proposal, which in reality was only another name for condemning her to prostitution and slavery, was received with horror. Every excuse was invented, but in vain, to elude the offer; and the Turk, fired with passion, and irritated by resistance, was now gone to the Cadi, to procure the aid of the magistrate to execute his savage purpose, and employ the arm of tyranny to abet the perpetration of legal violence.

E 3.

I felt

I felt my indignation excited at this cruel instance of barbarous oppression; and I reprobated the unfeeling policy of the European nations, that would not permit them to unite, and rescue an unhappy race of men from such a galling slavery. I know it is the fashion of modern philosophers to compare such an attempt with the ancient crusades; as if there could be any possible resemblance between arming in the cause of humanity and justice, and blindly following the banners of ignorance and superstition.

These reflections, however, soon yielded to a stronger impulse. It was impossible for me to deliver the whole people
from

from their chains, but I might find the means of extricating the present objects of my pity from their miserable condition. I knew our ship was at anchor near the place, and that we were expected impatiently on board, as every thing was ready for sailing, and the wind favourable. I accordingly directed our interpreter to make them the offer of accompanying us, and flying from their oppressors; but this order he was by no means ready to obey. He represented the danger of the enterprize, and the certain destruction that must await us, should we be overtaken before we reached the vessel, or again forced by weather on any part of the Turkish dominions.

But I persisted in my resolution, in which I was most warmly seconded by Antonio; indeed his behaviour on this occasion raised him higher than ever in my good opinion. He was affected, even to tears, by the distress of the unhappy family; and expressed a readiness and eagerness to expose himself to the utmost danger in their service, that surprised me; for though I have every reason to think he would at any time freely hazard his life in my defence, I have still at times observed the symptoms of a natural timidity in his disposition; which, though he has tried to overcome, he has not always been able to conceal.—Our interpreter was at last obliged to comply, and make the offer.

Here

offer; but no language can paint the raptures of those poor people on receiving it. They embraced us, they fell at our feet, and poured tears of gratitude and joy.

Knowing the danger increased every moment, we hurried their departure. What little property they had to take with them, was almost instantaneously packed up; and the Greek accompanied us to the seaside, with his wife hanging on one arm, and his daughter, the beautiful Zoe, on the other. We embarked immediately; and for fear of a pursuit, instead of steering towards Venice, we altered our course, and in a few hours arrived in the neighbouring island of Zante.

Here,

Here, to avoid any further danger, I quitted the Venetian vessel, and took a passage for myself, my servant, and the Greek family, in a French xebeck bound for Marseilles, where we are arrived in safety.

The Greek seems to be a man of good natural understanding, but it is totally uncultivated. His wife has the appearance of having once been handsome, but beauty is a flower of very transient bloom in a warm climate. As for the daughter, she is a most lovely girl: indeed I think I can trace in her features some resemblance of my poor Maria, which renders her particularly interesting to me. The natural elegance
of

of her form is greatly set off by the simplicity of her dress: and her fine auburn hair, waving in luxuriant curls, without any other confinement than a white ribbon, adds a grace and softness to her features not to be expressed.

Surely of all the absurdities into which mankind have been led by custom, that of plaistering one of the principal ornaments of the female form with a nauseous composition of grease and flour, is the most completely ridiculous. That barbarous nations should have strange ideas of beauty, is not surprising. We may admit the inhabitant of Java to dye the teeth of his mistress black, and the Hottentot to hang her neck

neck with the stinking entrails of beasts: but that the polished nations of Europe should colour the hair of a hue as unnatural as one, and daub it with a compost as offensive to the smell as the other (if its scent were not overpowered by artificial perfumes), is a riddle beyond my skill to explain.—But a sophisticated fop will exclaim, ‘No woman looks dressed without powder.’ So will the Javan say of his sable teeth, and the Hottentot of his intestines; and so would the fine gentleman’s grandfather of a young beau without a full-bottomed wig.—Well, but he will add, ‘Light hair, without powder, may possibly do; but black hair, unpowdered, is the devil.’ That

coarse

coarse black hair is no beauty, I shall readily allow; and the same mode of reasoning would plead in favour of the universal use of masks, because some women have ugly noses: but surely that taste must be strangely vitiated, which can see no charms in the contrast between locks of ebony, a neck of ivory, lips of coral, and cheeks of roses.— But “then powder gives a clean look.” Yes, and so does chalk and whiting to the chimney-sweeper’s face on May-day; but yet I think the towel and the comb preferable.

We boast, and with justice, of the chastity of our taste in picturesque gardening. For heaven’s sake, let us rather

ther return to cropped yews, spruce parterres, and straight canals, than thus deform the most beautiful part of the creation, and spoil one of the loveliest ornaments of the female face divine by a ridiculous fashion, which can only owe its prevalence to a corrupted taste*. In a few

* It would be curious to trace the origin of this preposterous practice. In a singular book, intitled, *Man Transformed, or the Artificial Changeling*, describing the various singularities of dress, which was printed in 1650—though notice is taken of women staining their hair, nothing is said of *their* powdering; and yet it appears that men did at that time, since the author speaks of the frizzled and over-powdered gallants. So late as the accession of his present Majesty, a *young* lady's powdered head was an uncommon sight, even in the drawing room: and the Abbé Grosley, who was in England in

1765.

a few days I shall set out from hence for 1765, and present at Lord Byron's trial, describes the English ladies as being mostly without powder or paint; and, though a Frenchman, prefers the enchanting simplicity of their dress, to the superfluous ornaments of his own countrywomen. Indeed the hair of a woman has always been esteemed a beauty so peculiarly attractive, that some of the school divines, on that passage of St. Paul which directs a woman 'to cover her head because of the angels,' have imagined the caution to proceed from a fear lest those celestial beings should be too much charmed with the display of so captivating an ornament. And Hogarth, in his *Analysis of Beauty*, observes, a certain careless arrangement of the locks may be so becoming, as not to be strictly decent. If therefore our fair countrywomen are at such great pains to disguise the native beauty of their ambrosial tresses, merely in mercy to our sex, and for the sole purpose of blunting the otherwise too powerful effects of their charms, their moderation is certainly worthy of our highest commendations.

Lyons,

Lyons, where I propose staying a short time, before I pursue my rout to England by way of Paris.—Believe me,

Yours,

HENRY WILMOT.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir EDWARD LAWSON to Miss LAWSON.

Bath.

I AM happy to inform you that your fair friend is recovering her spirits and peace of mind; and I hope shortly to see her restored to all that vivacity of sprightly innocence, which gives such irresistible charms to her manners and conversation. You will smile to see your grave brother write in this style; but since I have once opened the secret of my heart, you must not be surprised if I frequently trouble you with its effusions.

VOL. II.

F

I have

I have not yet dropped a hint of my passion to Miss Sackville. I cannot bring myself to do it, till I see her entirely resume her accustomed cheerfulness.

This place begins to lose many of its inhabitants: the meeting of parliament has robbed it of most of its temporary residents. Indeed, from that event drawing so many, of all descriptions, from every part of the kingdom to the metropolis, a stranger would be induced to [think the people of England—men, women, and children—were jealously anxious at that season to watch over the political conduct of their representatives: when the truth of the matter is,

is,

is, they are neither actuated by business or pleasure; but by the sole motive, superior to all others in this country, of being in that place where most people are assembled, and seeing those things which most other people see. These are the causes that fill our assemblies and theatres, courts of justice, and houses of parliament; and on this account we run in crowds to hear Siddons act, Marryat sing, and Sheridan speak.

At present I shall be an exception to this general propensity. As public affairs are in perfect tranquillity, I trust my constituents will not feel their interests materially neglected, by my absenting myself a short time from the duties of

F 2

parliament,

parliament, while I am taken up by promoting an interest of my own, in which the future happiness of my life is so dearly concerned. I have no intention therefore of removing yet from this place.

Adieu, my dear sister, and believe me,

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD LAWSON.

LETTER XXXIX.

Miss SACKVILLE to Miss LAWSON.

Bath.

I BEGIN now to be a little more reconciled to myself, for my late foolish behaviour. Indeed when one is the object of one's own condemnation, it is no very difficult matter to find causes for an arrest of judgment; or to persuade the judge, if not to alter his sentence, at least to recommend the culprit to the mercy of the court.

F 3

You

You may possibly wonder at my legal allusions, but I can easily discover their source to you. I finished this morning the third volume of Emmeline; and the fourth not being come from the library, to fill up the remainder of the time I had dedicated to reading, I took up a book that was lying in the room, which happened to be a volume of Blackstone's Commentaries; which the beauty of the language, and the perspicuity of the matter, tempted me to peruse, notwithstanding the proverbial barrenness of the subject, and its contrast with the charming production of sentiment and imagination I had just laid down.

This beginning will shew you, that
the

the natural gaiety of my temper enables me to get the better of my late mortification, if the escaping from the artifices of a villain can be called so. Indeed I am convinced our ability to resist misfortunes, depends more on constitution than human vanity is willing to acknowledge: I should be able to elude a blow that you would sink under. Yet, I must confess, I do not owe the prospect of returning tranquillity to my own disposition alone: the kind attention of my friends to soothe and amuse my mind, I am no more able to describe, than I shall ever be to shew the gratitude I feel for it. But what words can express the anxious assiduity of your

F 4

brother?

brother? How could I ever be insensible to such merit? How ever mistake the manly tenderness of his manner for austere gravity? Whether it is owing to my mind being softened by distress, or to what other cause, I am uncertain; but there is something in the warm and unaffected concern he expresses for me, that consoles me more than all the goodness of my other friends.

On reading this letter over, I am more than half inclined to burn it. But what sentiments of my heart shall I wish to conceal from my Emily?—Adieu,

Yours,

LUCY SACKVILLE.

won I

LETTER XL.

Miss LAWSON to Miss SACKVILLE.

Ashton.

AND could my dear Lucy have had even the slightest hesitation about trusting the secrets of her heart with her friend? or be ashamed of betraying her growing attachment to a man in every respect deserving of her favour? For that your letter does discover, the seeds at least of, such an attachment, I am absolutely convinced; and I sincerely congratulate both you and my brother upon it.

I now

I now wish more than ever to make one of your party at Bath, and possibly I may shortly have that pleasure, as my aunt mends considerably both in health and spirits, and talks of going to London; in which case, as she will there be in no want either of friends or amusement, I shall most certainly pay you a visit.

Adieu till then, and believe me,

Yours,

EMILY LAWSON.

I send this by Dr. Andrews, who is just setting out for Bath, and intends returning with Col. Eccles. I have inclosed a new song, which I heard the
other

other day, to make some amends for the shortness of this letter, and the dulness of its contents.

S O N G.

I.

TELL me, Lydia, kind and fair,
Why you urge me thus to swear?
Say, what oaths are strong to bind
Changes of the fickle mind?
Say what promises can tie
Rovings of the vagrant eye?

II.

Trust not bonds so weak as these,
Arm'd with ev'ry pow'r to please—
Cheeks that glow like opening day,
Eyes where humid lightnings play,
Locks in auburn curls that break
Lovely o'er your ivory neck.

III Or

III.

Or should these to keep me fail,
Truth and virtue must avail;
Gentle meekness, void of art,
Sense to charm and fix the heart:
Whom such merits can't retain,
Vows and oaths would hold in vain.

LETTER XLL

*Miss SACKVILLE to Miss LAWSON.**Bath.*

YOU have no idea of the great pleasure your last letter has given me, or the impatience I feel till the flattering hope you have encouraged of our seeing you at this place, shall be realized.

As I trust I shall not be disappointed in this expectation, I will not commit those particulars of the present disposition of my mind to writing, which I hope soon to explain so much more fully to
you

you by words : but shall try to amuse your leisure, for the present, by relating the heads of a critique on a species of literature, particularly interesting to the female world, which the other day employed our conversation at table; the principal speakers being Dr. Andrews, Sir Edward Lawson, and your humble servant.

That I should take a part in a literary controversy, may at first sight appear wonderful to you. But your surprize will be in some degree abated, when you consider that novels formed the subject of our disquisition, and are informed that my part in the conversation principally consisted in giving rise to it, by repeating

repeating the anecdote I lately mentioned to you, of being accidentally converted into a student of law, by the want of a volume of Emmeline.

I had no sooner related this circumstance, than Dr. Andrews, immediately turning to Sir Edward Lawton, said,
‘ This is a confirmation of what I argued for, when we last met—That the
‘ reading of novels, besides the information and improvement of style that
‘ may be reaped immediately from
‘ them, if they are selected with care,
‘ has the additional advantage of giving
‘ the young female mind a general taste
‘ for reading, which will naturally lead
‘ it to become acquainted with the best
‘ modern

‘ modern writers, both in prose and
‘ verse; and not only to be pleased with
‘ the study of history and natural philo-
‘ sophy, but even, as in the instance
‘ Miss Sackville has just given us, to
‘ explore the paths of a science, which
‘ seems to possess fewer ornamental at-
‘ tractions than any other.’

Here the Doctor paused, as if waiting
for Sir Edward’s assent; but finding he
remained silent, he went on thus: ‘ By
‘ your returning no answer, Sir, to my
‘ assertion, I am induced to think you
‘ are not entirely of the same opinion
‘ with myself on this subject; especially
‘ as I know you are no advocate for
‘ young persons being too conversant
‘ with

with novels: and indeed, without a careful selection, I allow them to be dangerous. For the generality of that trash, with which the modern press so perpetually teems, and which furnishes our circulating libraries with volumes, can have no other tendency than to vitiate the taste, inflame the passions, and give the ductile imagination of youth impressions of mankind totally unfounded on reason and nature.—Some also of our best novels offend greatly in the article of delicacy. Those of Fielding, for instance, inimitable as they are in point of humour and justness of character, and whose conduct of fable and incident is

‘ second to none of the best models of
‘ antiquity, are so faulty in this respect,
‘ that they can hardly be recommended
‘ to the perusal of a young lady. But
‘ the present times have produced more
‘ perfect productions of this kind; and
‘ the female pen has lately been employ-
‘ ed in compositions, which, while they
‘ are calculated not to give the slightest
‘ offence to the blushing delicacy of the
‘ gentler sex, possess incident, charac-
‘ ter, and sentiment to defy the severest
‘ criticism of ours.—Not to mention
‘ Evelina, Cecilia, and several others, I
‘ can venture to produce the novel Miss
‘ Sackville has just mentioned—Emme-
‘ lines—as a *chef d’œuvre* in this species
‘ of

‘ of writing; in which I am at a loss
‘ whether more to admire the elegance
‘ of the style, the arrangement of the
‘ incidents, or the purity of the moral.’

In this warm panegyric I as warmly
joined; when your brother, with a
smile, said to Dr. Andrews, ‘ I own
‘ I was on the point of starting some
‘ objections to the violent eulogium you
‘ have just been making on Emmeline;
‘ but since I find your arguments are
‘ seconded by so fair an advocate, whose
‘ eloquence, added to your reasoning, it
‘ will be impossible to resist, I shall give
‘ up the cause. Besides, on recollection,
‘ it may seem an invidious task to mark
‘ defects in a work which almost all the

‘ world concur in admiring ; or censure
‘ the productions of a lady, whose poe-
‘ tical talents are an honour to her sex
‘ and country, and whose *intention* has
‘ certainly been to promote the interests
‘ of virtue.’

You may well imagine, after this
declaration, we were more pressing for
him to proceed with his objections ; and
I could not help saying, ‘ Sir Edward
‘ Lawson, as a woman, you must excuse
‘ me if I assert the cause of a person
‘ whose talents you allow to be an honour
‘ to her sex ; especially as, by the em-
‘ phasis you laid on the word *intention*
‘ in your concluding sentence, you seem
‘ to insinuate, *that intention* had not
‘ been

' been adequately carried into execu-
' tion. Now though, as a general critic,
' I should not presume to enter the lists
' with you; yet I think I can defend,
' even against you, the author of Em-
' meline from the imputation of devia-
' ting in the least from the rules of the
' most rigid morality.'

To this Sir Edward politely answered,
' You pay, Miss Sackville, too high a
' compliment to my abilities, at the
' expence of your own, when you sup-
' pose I could have any superiority over
' you in criticising Emmeline. The
' principles of reason, and the natural
' feelings of the heart, are fully compe-
' tent to decide on the merit of works

‘ of imagination and genius; and the
‘ pedant who would subject them to
‘ other rules, has not had sense enough
‘ to understand the real meaning and
‘ spirit of those authors, whose precepts
‘ he pretends to enforce. Since there-
‘ fore you dare me to the contest, I
‘ accept the challenge; and will boldly
‘ begin the attack, by declaring that I
‘ have read few books of worse moral
‘ tendency than Emmeline; that I know
‘ of none more dangerous to be put into
‘ the hands of a young girl; and that,
‘ on comparing it with Tom Jones,
‘ which is esteemed the most blamea-
‘ ble of Fielding’s novels in those re-
‘ spects, the advantages of the latter
‘ will

' will be found greatly to preponde-
' rate.'

To this Dr. Andrews answered, ' Such
' a charge, indeed, I did not expect to
' hear brought against a book, which, I
' confess, is a great favourite with me;
' and any book that I thought could have
' the most distant tendency to the effects
' you mention, would never receive my
' approbation. I will therefore most
' readily engage with my fair ally in
' defending it from your attacks.'

Sir Edward Lawson then resumed the
conversation thus: ' You will not, I think,
' deny, that two of the characters, drawn
' as the most eminently virtuous by na-
' ture—one of whom is the heroine of

‘ the tale—are represented as violating
‘ the most sacred of human engagements,
‘ nuptial fidelity pledged at the altar,
‘ and a solemn promise of marriage reci-
‘ procally given.’

‘ If this is all you assume,’ said Dr.
Andrews, ‘ we shall readily grant you
‘ the position, but must deny it has any
‘ immoral consequences. The unhappy
‘ Adelina suffers so severely for her in-
‘ discretion (for, matched with such a
‘ husband, and exposed to such tempta-
‘ tion, her conduct can hardly deserve a
‘ harsher appellation), that she is rather
‘ held up as an object of terror than
‘ imitation. Her example is more cal-
‘ culated to deter from vice, than allure

‘ to

‘ to it: and surely the conduct of Em-
‘ meline is truly exemplary. Engaged
‘ to a man she only esteemed, and whose
‘ temper was not calculated to make her
‘ happy—entertaining a strong passion
‘ for another person—set at liberty from
‘ her promise by the injurious suspicion
‘ of her first lover, and seeing every hu-
‘ man virtue in her second—she deter-
‘ mined not to involve herself in a misery
‘ it was in her power to avoid with
‘ honour. But still she was so singularly
‘ delicate in her conduct, as not to en-
‘ tertain a thought of giving her hand
‘ to Godolphin—perfectly free, as she
‘ then was, from her prior engagements
‘ to Delamere—till the arm of provi-
‘ dence

‘ dence unexpectedly removed him from
 ‘ being a witness of a rival’s happiness.
 ‘ If examples like these are dangerous
 ‘ to young female minds—if sentiments
 ‘ unfavourable to the strictest virtue can
 ‘ be drawn from such actions—we will
 ‘ indeed acknowledge our defeat, and
 ‘ give up our cause as indefensible.’

‘ And I desire no more,’ replied Sir
 Edward, ‘ that concession is sufficient;
 ‘ and upon it I undertake to build my
 ‘ argument, not of the power of confu-
 ‘ tation. But, before I proceed farther,
 ‘ let me ask a question—Is it the duty
 ‘ of a moral writer to use every incite-
 ‘ ment to virtuous actions, by shewing
 ‘ virtue desisting and superior to temp-
 ‘ tation? and either appearing trium-
 ‘ phant

'phant in a prosperous struggle, or,
 'if the unhappy catastrophe is pre-
 'ferred, unsullied and respectable in
 'misery and ruin—or, by every art
 'of invention, to find out excuses for
 'vice, and palliate those crimes into
 'which the best of human kind may
 'sometimes be drawn?—If the first part
 'of this question demands our assent,
 'as by the silence of my antagonists I
 'conceive it is admitted to do, I think
 'the task I have undertaken, will not be
 'very difficult.
 'We know very well that there are
 'temptations which it is hardly in hu-
 'man nature to resist. We know we
 'may form engagements which our in-
 'terest and our inclinations solicit us
 'strongly

‘ strongly to break. But is it the busi-
‘ ness of the moral writer, who should
‘ strengthen the young mind in habits
‘ of virtue, to invent situations where
‘ every event is supposed to concur in
‘ making such temptation irresistible,
‘ and such breach of engagement ex-
‘ cusable—to draw the characters emi-
‘ nently virtuous, yet contrive to make
‘ them err, without incurring our blame
‘ for it—to make adultery amiable, and
‘ perfidy meritorious, and dismiss the
‘ perpetrators of both to respectability,
‘ to honour, and to happiness?—I am
‘ sure to these questions I shall be an-
‘ swered in the negative; and yet, that
‘ the author of Emmeline has done this,
‘ I think I can prove.

‘ First,

' First, as to Lady Adelina, her si-
 ' tuation is painted as truly pitiable.
 ' Married to a worthless husband in every
 ' respect—and seduced by a man who,
 ' besides the services he had rendered her,
 ' might be supposed to gain a more than
 ' usual share of her confidence, by the
 ' relation in which she must have con-
 ' sidered him (the brother of her sister's
 ' husband), a relation nearly bordering on
 ' consanguinity, and which the customs
 ' of society, and the peace of families,
 ' require to be considered almost as
 ' sacred as the laws of nature do the
 ' ties of blood—under such circum-
 ' stances, had she expiated her crime by
 ' death or perpetual contrition; had the
 ' villain

‘ villain who ruined her been consigned
‘ to that contempt and execration which
‘ he deserved—the tear of pity might
‘ have been justly dropped over her sufferings;
‘ the most rigid virtue might
‘ have forgiven a crime so committed,
‘ and have allowed that her punishment
‘ was more than adequate to her offence.
‘ But when we see the artful seducer,
‘ the villain who violates every law of
‘ society, who breaks through ties which
‘ all mankind hold sacred, and even the
‘ most profligate respect; who brings
‘ dishonour and pollution home to the
‘ bosom of his own brother—when we
‘ see such a wretch represented as a
‘ faithful lover, the object of our pity;
‘ received,

‘ received, if I may use the expression,
‘ into the good opinion of the author;
‘ reconciled to the brother (and he a
‘ man of honour) of the woman he had
‘ ruined; and at last the reader left im-
‘ pressed with an idea that he may be
‘ honourably and happily united with
‘ her whom he had so cruelly and im-
‘ piously betrayed—surely we cannot
‘ conceive such a picture as friendly to
‘ the cause of virtue: and the more
‘ the disgust we should naturally feel is
‘ subdued; the more art there is used to
‘ hide the deformity of the characters,
‘ and reconcile our minds to their con-
‘ duct; the more dangerous will be the
‘ influence of the example on the imagi-
‘ nation.

‘ I come

‘ I come now to the heroine of the
‘ story, in whose commendation my re-
‘ verend friend has been so lavish—the
‘ virtuous, the all-accomplished Emme-
‘ line. Let us divest her a little of those
‘ specious colours in which the skill of
‘ the author, and the fancy of the Doc-
‘ tor, have tricked her out; and exa-
‘ mine impartially what her character is,
‘ as exemplified in her conduct. En-
‘ gaged to a young man by the most
‘ solemn promises, who had behaved to
‘ her in the most honourable manner—
‘ who, though so highly in both their
‘ opinions, her superior in rank and
‘ fortune, and bred up in the most un-
‘ controuled indulgence of his passions,
‘ never

‘ never once makes an offer that can
‘ give the smallest offence to her deli-
‘ cacy; who has for her the most sin-
‘ cere, the most fervent passion, and
‘ which she returns, if not with the vio-
‘ lence of love, yet with the most cor-
‘ dial esteem—how does she act in these
‘ circumstances? She suffers herself to
‘ become enamoured with another man
‘ on a slight acquaintance. She soothes,
‘ she encourages her growing inclina-
‘ tion. She avails herself of an oppor-
‘ tunity which the eager love of Dela-
‘ mere gives her, from a jealousy ever
‘ the attendant of true passion, and which
‘ she must herself own was fully justi-
‘ fied by the artful means taken to ex-

‘ cite it, to break off the engagement :
‘ an advantage which she insists on with
‘ all the chicanery and unfeeling cruelty
‘ of an usurer who had found a legal
‘ excuse for evading a disadvantageous
‘ bargain ; while her sentimental friend,
‘ Mrs. Stratford, encourages her in her
‘ resolution, and pleads the cause of the
‘ favoured lover, with the assiduity of
‘ a character which I do not chuse to
‘ name in this company.’

‘ Indeed,’ said Dr. Andrews, ‘ you
‘ have drawn a very unfavourable por-
‘ trait of the lovely Emmeline ; but
‘ you will give me leave to observe,
‘ that it is rather a caricature than an
‘ exact resemblance. Some of the traits,
‘ I own,

' I own, are to be found; but the defects
 ' are exaggerated, and the least agreea-
 ' ble features swelled out of all reasona-
 ' ble proportion. I would wish, how-
 ' ever, to ask you which is most ho-
 ' nourable—to give the hand, when the
 ' heart is prepossessed in favour of ano-
 ' ther; or at once to break through an
 ' engagement it is impossible conscienti-
 ' ously to fulfil?'

' I have not a moment's doubt how to
 ' answer your question,' replied your bro-
 ' ther, ' were the circumstance to occur in
 ' real life. But let me ask, in my turn,
 ' if it is friendly to the cause of morality
 ' to place an imaginary heroine, drawn
 ' as a pattern of virtue, in a situation

H 2 ' where-

“ where she must be guilty of a crime;
“ and then try every method to extenuate
“ that crime, and render the commission
“ of it not only pardonable but merito-
“ rious? It is in vain to plead, in excuse,
“ that the situation arises unavoidably
“ from the circumstances of the fable;
“ for, as the great master of criticism
“ observes *, such fables should not at
“ first be constructed.—Recollect the
“ argument I set out with. I allowed
“ that, in real life, the most perfect
“ characters are liable to fall into er-
“ rors, and even crimes, which, when
“ considered with all their attending cir-
“ cumstances, the most rigid censor could

* Aristot. Poet. cap. xxiv.

“ hardly

' hardly condemn. What I blame is,
 ' the selection of such instances, and
 ' dressing them in the most amiable
 ' garb—weakening the guard we ought
 ' to place before our minds to prevent
 ' the intrusion of a dangerous passion,
 ' by shewing that such guard will some-
 ' times desert its post, even in the most
 ' virtuous bosom; and lessening our
 ' fear of forsaking the strict line of recti-
 ' tude, by shewing another path to the
 ' regions of honour, virtue, and happi-
 ' ness.

' Only let me place before your eyes
 ' the consequences to which the example
 ' of Emmeline may lead. It tends to
 ' establish an idea, that an attachment

H 3 ' founded

‘ founded on real affection—an affection,
‘ as is allowed, equal at least to frater-
‘ nal love—and bound by the reciprocal
‘ ties of honour and good faith, may be
‘ overturned in a moment by the blind
‘ impulse of a sudden irresistible passion:
‘ irresistible, I say, because a woman in
‘ Emmeline’s situation had every induce-
‘ ment as strongly to combat it, as if
‘ she had actually been the wife of ano-
‘ ther. What reason then can be given
‘ why a married woman should not be
‘ exactly in the same case, when this
‘ violent *coup-d’œil* of passion seizes her,
‘ this sudden frenzy of love, which ac-
‘ cording to all novel writers generally
‘ visits every human being once, and,
‘ like

' like the small-pox, but once in their
 ' lives? For though the great copier of
 ' nature makes his Romeo the passion-
 ' ate admirer both of Rosalind and
 ' Juliet, in the course of his drama,
 ' this his greatest and best commentator,
 ' the inimitable Garrick, altered; being
 ' no doubt convinced, from the example
 ' of later times, that such inconstancy is
 ' now out of nature.'—Here (I do not
 know why, but) I could not help blush-
 ing, and hanging down my head. Your
 brother, however, without seeming to
 observe it, went on.—' To the lot of
 ' how few, how very few women in-
 ' deed, does it fall to marry the object of
 ' such an ardent passion! How few even

H 4

are

are united to men for whom they can
possibly have one half of the esteem
which Emmeline avows for Delamere!
What then must be the consequence,
even to a more sacred bond of union
(if any can be more sacred than a
solemn reciprocal promise), when it is
overwhelmed by this resistless torrent
of love?

I just now hinted at a parallel be-
tween Tom Jones and Emmeline—
permit me to pursue it a little. I al-
low and lament the many indelicacies
that occur in that incomparable effort
of creative genius; and have often re-
gretted the impossibility of reading ten
successive pages of it aloud to a com-
pany

pany of ladies. But though Jones is drawn with too free a pencil, who is his conduct likely to corrupt? Is any excuse made for his levity? Is not his amour with Lady Bellaston, in the eye of every reader, a disgrace to his character? Are not his other inconsistencies severely punished? Is he not, after he is restored to the good opinion of Allworthy, on the brink of losing Sophia by them? and does not he receive from her a most just and severe reprimand, which covers him with grief and humiliation?—Let me put Jones a little more in the case of Emmeline. Suppose, instead of the widow he rejected, he had met with a beautiful

‘beautiful young woman, whose supe-
‘rior charms had convinced him, by
‘their irresistible influence, that the
‘regard he felt for Sophia was only
‘founded on a violent esteem; and
‘that he had availed himself of her jea-
‘lousy of Lady Bellaston, and conse-
‘quent dismissal of him, to break off his
‘connexion with her; and give his hand,
‘and unexpectedly recovered fortune,
‘to another. Suppose he had persisted
‘in this, and justified his conduct; and
‘though the wretched Sophia recanted
‘her sudden resolution, avowed her
‘error, and was sinking to the grave
‘with disappointed love—
‘Yet he, secure in coldness or disdain,
[‘Had scorn’d her love, or triumph’d in its pain—
‘ what

‘ what appellation should we give Tom
‘ Jones in these circumstances? I am
‘ afraid no very honourable one.’

But here Dr. Andrews interrupting
him, said, ‘ You a little misrepresent
‘ the case. You suppose Sophia sink-
‘ ing to the grave in consequence of
‘ her lover’s forsaking her. But Em-
‘ meline had resolved never to marry
‘ while Delamere lived, and from this
‘ resolution she was set at liberty by an
‘ accident.’

‘ My good friend,’ replied your bro-
ther, ‘ you are a warm advocate; but,
‘ like other warm advocates, you some-
‘ times bring an argument injurious to
‘ your own cause. If your fair client

has

' has committed a striking error in the
 ' conduct of her fable; if she has ex-
 ' tricated her heroine from her embar-
 ' rassing situation by improbable means;
 ' if she has violated one of the great
 ' rules of criticism (will the ladies par-
 ' don me for alluding to a line of Ho-
 ' race? *); if she will make Providence
 ' interfere to reward inconstancy—I can
 ' never receive such an excuse as an ex-
 ' tenuation of the fault. Considering
 ' the character of Delamere, he should
 ' either have died in consequence of his
 ' violent passions, or have killed him-
 ' self, or been killed by Godolphin;
 ' Most probably this :
 ' *'Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.'*
 ' instead

‘ instead of which, he is taken off by
‘ accident, and Emmeline contrived to
‘ be made happy at the expence of the
‘ rules of probability.’

Here I own I could not forbear to
interrupt your brother. ‘ Surely, Sir
‘ Edward,’ said I, ‘ you are too severe
‘ on our favourite author, when you ac-
‘ cuse her of deviating from the rules of
‘ probability in this instance, What
‘ can be more probable, than for a man
‘ of Delamere’s fiery spirit to meet with
‘ such a fate?’

Sir Edward replied—‘ Miss Sackville,
‘ there can be no doubt of the justness
‘ of your remark; but natural and poe-
‘ tical probability are two distinct things.

‘ In

‘ In human affairs, we know it is com-
‘ mon for persons, in the most critical
‘ circumstances, to be cut off suddenly
‘ by accidents totally unconnected with
‘ the scenes they are engaged in. But
‘ when a writer has involved a character
‘ in deep distress, poetical probability
‘ requires that the catastrophe should
‘ not arise from accident, but be the
‘ necessary or probable consequence of
‘ the incidents that produced the em-
‘ barrassment, and be solely occasioned
‘ by them. Now the duel of Delamere
‘ is not at all occasioned by the distress
‘ he is involved in on account of Em-
‘ meline, but was as likely to have hap-
‘ pened if he had been happy in her
‘ love.

‘ love.—To involve a tale in very deep
‘ distress, and then make it end happily
‘ by probable means, is one of the
‘ greatest efforts of poetical genius; and
‘ has occasioned the predilection for the
‘ unhappy catastrophe more than the
‘ authority of Aristotle. Indeed the si-
‘ tuation of Emmeline is so critical, that
‘ possibly no other method could be found
‘ of extricating her from it, as she is
‘ reduced to the dilemma of being either
‘ guilty or unhappy.

‘ I will own that a fault something
‘ resembling that which I now censure,
‘ but without the same excuse (as the
‘ fable ends in deep distress), has always
‘ struck me in the most affecting tragedy

‘ on

‘ on the English stage; I mean Isabella,
‘ or the Fatal Marriage. Biron, I think,
‘ should have fallen either by the fran-
‘ tic hand of Isabella, or his own, or
‘ the sword of Villeroy. His assassina-
‘ tion by Carlos, rather takes off than
‘ adds to the distress; as the spectator
‘ must reflect, that it was not occasioned
‘ by the double marriage, but, as far as
‘ relates to that, was as merely acci-
‘ dental as if he had been killed by a
‘ fall from his horse; and would most
‘ probably have happened if he had re-
‘ turned time enough to prevent the
‘ nuptials of Villeroy and Isabella. The
‘ villany of Carlos is the origin of the
‘ distress; and, from the circumstances
‘ of

‘ of that distress alone, should the cata-
 ‘ strophe have been produced, without
 ‘ his further intervention.

‘ But to return to Emmeline—I would
 ‘ by no means have you imagine me
 ‘ blind to its numberless beauties. The
 ‘ story is uncommonly interesting, and
 ‘ the characters, especially those of El-
 ‘ kerton and the Crofts, drawn with a
 ‘ masterly hand; and, above all, the
 ‘ descriptive and pathetic passages pos-
 ‘ sess unrivalled excellence, and are a-
 ‘ lone sufficient to place the novel of
 ‘ Emmeline in the first rank among
 ‘ works of genius and imagination. To
 ‘ the pieces of poetry I cannot pay a
 ‘ higher compliment, than by saying
 VOL. II. I ‘ they

‘ they are worthy the pen that produced
‘ them. I also entirely acquit the au-
‘ thor of any designs inimical to the
‘ cause of virtue; though, for the rea-
‘ sons I have given, I cannot think her
‘ performance friendly to it.’

Here a female visitor being announc-
ed, we were summoned to the drawing-
room; and left the gentlemen to pursue
their conversation, and support their ar-
guments, if they thought it necessary,
by quotations from the Greek and Ro-
man writers, without offending against
the rules of politeness.

Here too will I put an end to this
long letter, by assuring you how truly I
am my dear Emily’s affectionate friend,

LUCY SACKVILLE.

LETTER XLII.

Mr. WILMOT to Sir EDWARD LAWSON.

Lyons.

I AM arrived at this place, after having been exposed to the most imminent danger. About half-way between Marseilles and this city, having crossed a large plain, we entered a deep narrow valley, between two steep hills, whose sides were covered by thick wood. The Greek, with his wife and the beautiful Zoe, were in a chaise I had hired; myself, Antonio, and a Swiss servant, were at a small distance behind, on horseback:

a mode of travelling I preferred, as it gave me a better opportunity of viewing the beautiful country through which we were passing. Just as we came to a spot where the wood projected to the side of the road, we were surprised by the sound of a gun, and at the same instant saw the horse on which the postilion rode, fall. We immediately galloped up to the carriage, which we found surrounded by four armed men. My Swiss drew his hanger, and made a blow at one of the robbers; but at the same time received a ball, which brought him lifeless to the ground. I drew my pistol, and shot the villain who fired at him; another returned my fire, and kill-

ed

ed the horse under me. While I lay on the ground, and before I could disengage myself, the surviving three attacked me with their swords, and must inevitably have killed me, had it not been for the courage of Antonio, who threw himself before me, and shot one of them just as he was thrusting at me. The postillion now, having gotten up, came to our assistance; and the robbers, being reduced to two, fled into the wood. We had hardly time to breathe after our escape, before we saw six horsemen armed come out of the wood before us. At this we were all greatly alarmed. The terror of the women is not to be described; and indeed we all gave our-

selves up for lost, as, if they were robbers, we could have no hopes of preserving our lives ; but we determined at all events to sell them as dearly as possible. We reloaded our fire arms, the Greek got out of the chaise, and we stood to receive them with as good a face as possible. At first the robbers seemed to hesitate ; but being joined by the two men who had fled from us, and had made their way to them through the wood, they advanced slowly toward us. I encouraged my little band to exert their resolution to the utmost, as that alone could afford us any hope of safety. I observed Antonio to be greatly agitated ; which surprised me, when I considered

dered how gallantly he had just exposed himself in my defence. I called this to his recollection, and tried to rouse his courage; when he answered, 'Sir, I
'confess the weakness of my body, but
'my mind is firm; I am ready to die by
'your side; never shall I wish to survive
'what is dearer to me than life.' The robbers now approaching, I called out to them not to advance, and threatened to fire on them if they did; but at the same time gave directions to reserve our fire till they were quite close to us.

At this instant a post-chaise appeared, about a hundred yards behind us, the winding of the road hindering us from descrying each other sooner. The pos-

million, on seeing our situation, stopped; nor could all the commands and menaces of a gentleman in the carriage, which we plainly heard, prevail on him to proceed. On this the gentleman quitted his chaise, and, followed by his servant, ran to join us. On perceiving our re-inforcement, the robbers stopped, being now within forty yards of us. The stranger, seeing this, addressing himself to me in English, said, it would be better for us to take advantage of their hesitation, and attack them immediately; especially as they now outnumbered us only by two. He said he and his servant, who were armed with carbines loaded with swan shot, would run forwards,

forwards, and fire on them, and then charge them with their swords before they recovered from their confusion; and that we should at the same time rush on and support them, but by no means fire our pistols till we were close to the person we meant to aim at. His orders, which were delivered in the tone of a man who had been used to command on similar occasions, were instantly executed. The robbers, on receiving the fire, immediately returned it; and, without waiting our further attack, fled precipitately into the wood, leaving however one of their companions dead, and another dangerously wounded. Their fire was so ill directed, that it was without effect,

effect, except giving the stranger's servant a slight contusion on the shoulder.

Our first care was to get out of this dangerous defile as soon as possible: and as the wounded robber was not in a condition to be moved, we thought it no breach of the rules either of mercy or justice to leave him to the care of his companions.

When we arrived at the next stage, we expressed our surprize at meeting such an attack in France; a nation famed for the strictness of its police: and we learned that the ruffians who attacked us were part of a desperate gang of smugglers, who, being driven from the coast by the vigilance of the officers of the customs,

customs, had committed many depredations in the country; but that a party of the marechaussée had been ordered to go in search of them.

You may be certain we were not deficient in acknowledgments to the gallant stranger for his generous and timely assistance, without which we had all been certainly destroyed. We found his name was Sir William Danvers, a baronet of a large fortune in Ireland, to which he had just succeeded on the death of his elder brother; that he was in the army, and now on his return by land from India, where his regiment was, to take possession of his estate. I think I never met with a more sensible or amia-

amiable

ble

ble young man, having all the courage of his profession and fire of his country, tempered by the greatest gentleness of manner and politeness of behaviour, without the least tincture of formality, but happily blending the frankness of a soldier, with the accomplishments of a courtier. I confess I never was so much prejudiced in any person's favour on so short an acquaintance.

I am now to open my heart on a subject which I am almost ashamed to mention, even to you, my earliest friend, and to whom I have ever been accustomed to disclose every secret of my bosom, and when the distance that divides us must necessarily obviate the

usual

usual concomitants of confusion. Know then the horrors of that dreadful evening, which are still painful to my recollection—know, the dear memory of that martyred saint, whose death I am confident I occasioned—have not been able to restrain the wanderings of a capricious fancy. In spite of my firmest resolves, in spite of the upbraidings of an accusing conscience, I feel a sentiment of tenderness for the lovely Zoe, which, when I recollect myself, I am ashamed of. But there is such a charming simplicity in her every word and action; such bewitching expression of gratitude in her countenance; and above all, which I must confess pleases while it ought to

distress

distress me, such strong marks of partiality to me, that I am not able to resist the enchantment.

This also brings along with it another species of uneasiness, which, though the generality of mankind will despise, is a source of very serious distress to me. I am convinced my servant Antonio has fixed his affections on the same beautiful object. His eyes are perpetually rivetted on her; and whenever I am particularly attentive to her, or she seems to listen to my conversation with satisfaction, his emotions are too strong to be concealed: the tears stand in his eyes; and involuntary sighs escape from his bosom, notwithstanding all his efforts to

to smother them. Indeed the words that fell from him, during our engagement with the robbers, painted strongly to my mind both his passion for Zoe, and his faithful attachment to me. I cannot see, without pity and horror, the progress a hopeless passion is making in the bosom of a man, whom, without thinking of his situation and colour, I look upon as one of the most deserving of my friends, and to whose arm I am so lately indebted for the preservation of my life: and my sorrow is greatly increased by the consciousness that his sufferings are entirely owing to my own imprudent folly, in encouraging a passion which the voice of honour and virtue call on me to suppress.

Why,

Why, my friend, was I formed with such strong, such susceptible feelings, which in spite of all my resolution often take so absolute a dominion over my soul, that I am unable to attend to the remonstrances of prudence and reason? Why cannot I copy the manly firmness of your mind, which, ever awake to the calls of humanity and kindness, is never hurried by the current of passion beyond the directions of duty and virtue?

I will endeavour, if possible, while yet one spark of reason remains unextinguished in my breast, to fly from this embarrassment, and support my tottering resolution by your friendly advice.

Adieu, and believe me yours,

HENRY WILMOT.

LETTER XLIII.

Sir EDWARD LAWSON to Miss LAWSON,
inclosing the preceding Letter.

MY DEAR EMILY, *Bath.*

THE letter which you will receive with this, has raised so many different emotions in my bosom, that I could not forbear imparting the contents of it to you, especially as I think there are some things in it that will not be totally disagreeable to you.

If Sir William Danvers had really a sincere and ardent affection for you, he will, now he is master of a large for-

VOL. II.

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tune,

tune, renew his attentions; since he can never impute serious blame to the relations of a young lady, for endeavouring to prevent her forming indissoluble engagements which prudence would not justify. I am pleased to receive so amiable a picture of a person, for whom you know I felt a strong partiality.

I am much affected by the account Wilmot gives of himself. With the best heart, the warmest affections, and the highest sense of honour, he is eternally the slave of his passions; and often, by following their impulse, deviates from those rules to which his natural disposition inclines him most rigidly to adhere.

adhere. Warmly as I am attached to him, I cannot but congratulate both you and myself on your union being prevented: for though I have no doubt, if he were married to a woman he really loved, the sensibility and goodness of his heart would fix him firmly to her; yet I should be sorry to see the delicate sensibility of my Emily hazard a connection with any person whose disposition had the slightest tendency to inconstancy, even if there had been no pre-engagement of affection on either side, which I know was the case with you both. I have the pleasure of telling you that Miss Sackville has nearly recovered her

usual vivacity. I do not think her manner quite so sprightly as it was before, but the difference is only perceptible to a very inquisitive eye; and to mine it throws a sort of mildness into her conversation, which is far from unpleasing. Her natural liveliness seems tempered with such an interesting softness, that she is, if possible, more lovely and engaging than ever.

I took an opportunity the other day of explaining the sentiments of my heart to her: it was really a more embarrassing circumstance than I had any idea of. As the description of a declaration of love is not very entertaining, I shall trouble you with it no further, than to

give

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tell

tell you we both hesitated, stammered, and blushed; and that after many expressions of diffidence on her side, and assurance on mine, I received as kind a return to my petition as I could wish.

After this success, and entertaining a hope, as I confess I do, of seeing my Emily joined to the man who has won and deserves her affections, I ought to be happy. But our joys are never to be without alloy. I feel too sensibly the state of poor Wilmot's mind, not to be greatly alarmed for the consequences; and if I do not see or hear from him soon, no interest, however dear, of my own shall prevent my flying to

give Every consolation and assistance
that my friendship can afford him.—

Adieu,

LETTER XLIV

EDWARD LAWSON.

WHY, my dear brother, will you
sundered by fatalistic dreams
of happiness to call forth again those
sentiments which I well hoped to forget
forever? What chance, what expecta-
tion can I ever have of being united to
Davens? He never made any declara-
tion to me; had he done so, would
would never have made him recede from
it. His looks, his manner, his assiduity
convinced me; if my own heart did not

Barley

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LETTER XLIV.

*Mrs LAWSON to Sir EDWARD LAWSON.**Ashton.*

WHY, my dear brother, will you endeavour by fallacious dreams of happiness to call forth again those sentiments which I well hoped to forget for ever? What chance, what expectation can I ever have of being united to Danvers? He never made any declaration to me: had he done so, worlds would never have made him recede from it. His looks, his manner, his assiduity convinced me, if my own heart did not

flatter me, that I was not indifferent to him; but I received no other assurance of it. He felt too much the impropriety of you hint at—of a man of small fortune attaching himself to a young woman without the consent of her relations—ever to attempt it: and the instant he found, from your behaviour, that he was not likely to obtain that consent, he had too much delicacy to continue an intercourse, which, without an open declaration, might yet engage the affections. Alas! on my side, that was already done: it seemed to be so on his. But as he had no tie of honour to induce him to retain a sensation which must be painful to him; I can have no reason to suppose
he

he did not use those means, to divert and subdue his passion, which your sex possess in so much more eminent a degree than ours, and to which the active life of a soldier is so particularly favourable. What shadow even of hope then can I possibly entertain of his ever thinking of me again? I am far, however, from imputing any blame to you, or my aunt, for the part you acted. I know your intentions were perfectly good; and the event, in ninety-nine instances out of an hundred, would have justified what you did. I am fully sensible that a girl of seventeen is no competent judge of the merit of a man: she is partial to, neither is she always

sure

sure that even such partiality is real. It may only be a phantom produced by a warm imagination, and a desire to be enrolled among the fabulous heroines of the novels she has read.

I am very happy to hear you are so successful in your endeavours to console my dear Lucy. To the passion of love my breast must ever now be a stranger, but I hope it never will forget to be anxiously interested in the welfare of those whom I esteem. If exalted prospects of happiness are shut out from my own future views, I shall still enjoy no very trifling portion of it, while I contemplate that of my friends.

I am sensibly affected by the ac-

count

count of Wilnot. I had too many opportunities of being acquainted with his virtues, not to be fully persuaded of his great merit. The disagreeable light in which I could not avoid beholding a man, who was destined to be my husband contrary to my own inclination, could not prevent me from discerning many of his good qualities, though it cast an unpleasing hue on them. Now that is removed, and I can contemplate them through another medium than that of prejudice, he becomes an object of my esteem, and I sincerely feel for his distresses. But do I not yet see him with a prejudiced eye? I fear—I know I do. Yes, my dear brother,

to you I will confess the weakness, or, if you please, the folly of my heart. The man who has been saved by the sword of my Danvers, and who has a heart to be sensible of and declare his merits, will be considerably raised in my good opinion, and I cannot but be more deeply concerned in the sufferings of a person with whom I know the best heart in the world will sympathize.

Excuse this sudden effusion of a sentiment, which I am always desirous of suppressing, since it has been occasioned by the objects you have brought before my eyes, and believe me

Your most affectionate sister,

EMILY LAWSON.

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LETTER XLV.

Mr. WILMOT to Sir EDWARD LAWSON.

THOUGH my distracted brain is hardly capable of forming a clear idea, I cannot avoid sitting down to unbosom myself to my friend. Yes, my dear Lawson, I am again truly wretched: the levity—oh let me not give it so gentle a name!—the perfidy of my heart has once more disturbed the ashes of my lost Maria. The dreadful vision which I saw at your house in Hampshire has again presented itself to my sight;

fight; I have again beheld the form, and heard the voice, of my departed angel. This second shock, has been a severe one indeed; I can hardly bear up against it. The first appearance, though it terrified me in the highest degree, though it filled my soul with horror, spoke no daggers to my heart: my conscience was not stung by it. I could not conceive myself as guilty of any infidelity to the faith I had pledged to my Maria. But since that event, penetrated by the deepest sense of an attachment on her side, which could exist beyond the confines of the grave, I bound myself by the firmest resolutions, the strongest vows, to be constant to her

her memory, and those resolutions I have broken, those vows I have violated. My purposed constancy I have forsaken on the impulse of a blind passion, unfounded on reason and sentiment, and to have gratified which, I must either have covered myself with disgrace, or have plunged the innocent object of it in infamy and ruin.

I will quit these reflections, and give you as connected an account of the event as my perturbed ideas will allow.

The regard I felt for the beautiful Zoe has been growing upon me ever since my last letter. Neither the sense of what I owed myself, nor the distress into which I might lead her, nor the
 tortures

tortures I found it gave to my faithful Antonio, had power to prevent me from indulging my senses in the sweet delirium that possessed them. I was at last roused from it by the following scene:

I slept in a room detached from the other parts of the hotel we are in, and situated at the end of a long gallery. I had no servant near me; for you know I detest the office of a valet, and have always laughed at those people who wait like infants to be assisted in getting up and going to bed. About two in the morning I was awakened by my chamber door suddenly opening. I hastily threw aside the curtain, and beheld, by the light of a lamp which was burning in the

the room, a female figure dressed in white. I demanded hastily who it was, without any idea or recollection of the former vision; when the well-known voice of Maria Hamilton saluted my ear. 'O my Wilmot! is there no faith in man?—am I again forsaken?—' 'Farewel then! farewel for ever!'—At these words the lamp went out, and I saw and heard her no more. But her voice still vibrates in my ear, her reproaches remain imprinted on my heart.—I was struck with terror and remorse—I had no power to move. I attempted to speak, but I could not. I tried to invoke her to stay, and receive my vows of sorrow and penitence; but my utterance

was stopped, my words died on my tongue.

Whither I shall wander, or what will become of me, I know not. I cannot think of returning to England. The sight of my friends, the scenes of my former tranquillity, would redouble my tortures. I do not desire now to escape from my anguish, or to divert my feelings by busy scenes and variety of objects. The only wish of my heart is to bury myself in solitude, and give myself up to the melancholy that devours me. I do not deserve, I do not wish for consolation.

If any thing can add to my misery, it is the certainty of every one's believing

it

it to be only imaginary. To you I can say no more to obtain your credit than I did on the first appearance of the Spectre. But the dreadful words she uttered were too clearly pronounced; the meaning they conveyed was too obvious to my comprehension, for me either to be doubtful of their reality, or ignorant of their import.—‘Am I again forsaken?’—after I have once burst the prison of the grave to claim your constancy, after the fervent vows you uttered to my shade, have you again given me a rival in your bosom? Farewel then! farewel for ever!’—since you are thus insensible, thus unworthy of a fidelity that lasted beyond that awful period which gene-

rally dissolves all human ties—a fidelity shewn in so wonderful a manner—I now withdraw my affections from you: we shall meet no more.—O blessed spirit! if thou art conscious of the anguish of my soul, visit me once again; speak comfort to my despairing mind. So far from being struck with dismay, I will meet thee with the rapture of a lover, the ardour of a bridegroom!—but I rave.

—The kindness of Sir William Danvers to me is great; he uses every effort to console and reason me out of my misery. But what consolation can I receive from any person who I see, I know, I feel, believes the cause of that misery to be

only

only imaginary?—My poor Antonio too—no words can express how he is affected by my grief; his anxiety cuts me to the heart, when I remember how little I merit it. The only recompence in my power is to persuade Zoe to make him happy. Alas! is that in my power? Perhaps his colour may be an objection; perhaps there is another which my folly has created.

But why should I longer wound your mind by a recital of my misfortunes?—Adieu, my dear Lawson! If we should never meet again, do not entirely banish from your remembrance the unhappy

HENRY WILMOT.

LETTER XLVI.

EDWARD LAWSON to Miss LAWSON.

Barh.
I HAVE just received another letter from poor Wilmor, dated Lyons. The state of his mind, which was discoverable in his last letter, has operated with such force on his imagination, as to induce him to fancy he has had another interview with his deceased mistress: he indeed is equally convinced as before that he has actually seen and conversed with her. But a mind naturally irritable, distressed as his must be at present

present by different passions, and possessing such lively powers of fancy, is very capable of receiving impressions so forcibly, as easily to be mistaken for reality. Indeed to what other source can be attributed the various stories of this kind? which are as well authenticated as any historical fact, and were almost as generally believed, till a sounder philosophy, and a more liberal spirit of investigation, convinced the world of their absurdity and impossibility.

I wish much to be with Willmot; yet it is with difficulty I can prevail on myself to quit Miss Sackville, who listens to my passion every hour with greater complacency. But I have sent my own

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servant

servant express to Lyons, with a letter to Sir William Danvers, desiring him to inform me particularly of Wilmot's situation: and if I should find it necessary, from his answer, I shall immediately go to him.—Adieu, my dear Emily.

EDWARD LAWSON.

A friendship that subsists between you and Mr. Wilmot, I think it incumbent on me to inform you of his melancholy condition. I have observed him to be very thoughtful and absent ever since I have had the pleasure of being known to him. But lately his imagination has been impressed by the extraordinary idea, that a young lady, with whom

LETTER XLVII.

Sir WILLIAM DANVERS to Sir EDWARD
LAWSON.

SIR,

Lyons.

AS I am well acquainted with the friendship that subsists between you and Mr. Wilmot, I think it incumbent on me to inform you of his melancholy condition. I have observed him to be very thoughtful and absent ever since I have had the pleasure of being known to him. But lately his imagination has been impressed by the extraordinary idea, that a young lady, with whom

whom he was formerly in love, and who has been some time dead, has appeared to him. He is so prepossessed with this notion, that all arguments to overturn it are ineffectual: and indeed he is impatient at the reality of it being at all questioned. His spirits are visibly affected, and his health appears declining; neither do I think his understanding perfectly clear. Every medical assistance that can be procured he shall have; nor will I be wanting in any office of humanity. But as his malady obviously originates in the mind, the society of a confidential friend, to whom he may freely unbosom himself, and whose arguments he must regard more than

than those of a stranger, may be of the utmost consequence to him at the present moment.

With many apologies for taking this liberty, I have the honour of subscribing myself,

Sir,

Your most obedient

humble servant,

WILLIAM DANVERS

LETTER XLVIII.

Sir EDWARD LAWSON to Miss LAWSON.

Portland-Place.

YOU will be surprised at receiving a letter from me with a date from London; but, in consequence of one written by Sir William Danvers from Lyons, I am determined to set out immediately for that place. Poor Wilmot is, I fear, in a very unhappy state; but he shall want no consolation that it is in the power of my presence to afford him.

I com-

I communicated my intention to Miss Sackville, and she behaved like an angel. While her looks betrayed her uneasiness for my absence, she expressed so strongly her opinion of the necessity I was under of obeying the call of humanity and friendship, that she never appeared half so lovely in my eyes before.

As my aunt's health is so well re-established as to enable her to think of coming soon to London, I wish you would give Miss Sackville an invitation to join you there, as Mr. Borroughs and his family are going to leave Bath. I hinted it to her, and found it would not be disagreeable.

Adieu!

Adieu ! My chaise is at the door, and
I am just stepping into it.

Yours affectionately,

EDWARD LAWSON.

YOUR brother has just been to
join the happy to those
superior to any selfish motive
though I could see his efforts at the
thoughts of leaving me, he did not see
that a moment to go where he was from
would by the voice of duty and friends
imp. How every action calls him to his
good opinion! What a pity it is that he
cannot a mind should have any thought
to himself as transgressing

Yours

LETTER XLIX.

Miss SACKVILLE to Miss LAWSON.

Bath.

YOUR brother has just left us to join the unhappy Wilmot at Lyons. Superior to any selfish motive, though I could see his distress at the thoughts of leaving me, he did not hesitate a moment to go where he was summoned by the voice of duty and friendship. How every action raises him in my good opinion! What a pity it is that so amiable a mind should have any thing to disturb its tranquillity!

O my

O my Emily! how could I have been so often in Sir Edward Lawson's company, and be indifferent to his merits! Why—why did he conceal a regard which I now find he has long entertained for me? If he had disclosed it sooner, I should not have suffered myself to listen for a moment to the worthless object which makes me yet feel conscious of less deserving that esteem, with which the noblest of his sex now honours me. May heaven send him prosperous gales, an auspicious journey, and a safe return to his friends and country! and may he restore quiet to the bosom of the suffering Wilmot, without which I know his own is too
sensible

sensible of the sympathetic feelings of humanity to be perfectly at ease.—Adieu, my dear girl, and believe me

Yours,

LUCY SACKVILLE.

LETTER L.

Miss LAWSON to Miss SACKVILLE.

I AM very sensible of the sacrifice my brother made, when he tore himself from you, to console the sufferings of Wilmot. His own pen has given me sufficient testimony of what he felt on the occasion.

As nothing can be more disagreeable than the scenes where we have been happy, when the person who was the principal cause of that happiness is absent; and as no friends are so likely to console the hours of absence, as those who are nearly connected with the ob-

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ject

ject of our affections; permit me to enforce an invitation, I am directed by my aunt to give you, to meet us in Portland-Place on Tuesday next. I shall insist on no denial; as I hear the Borrowghs family leave Bath about that time; and Mr. Sackville I know is now taken up with his office in London: therefore you can have no particular wish, on his account, to pass the spring at Hillgrove, as by coming to us you will have more opportunities of seeing him.

I shall depend on your accepting my aunt's invitation.—Adieu.

Yours,

EMILY LAWSON.

strange, unexpected events have happened since that period! But, as we shall meet to soon, I have no occasion to ex-

LETTER LI.

Miss SACKVILLE to Miss LAWSON.
Adieu, my dear Emily, till then; and

Bath.

AS I have always thought the seeming to decline an offer we wish to accept, a very absurd piece of affectation, I shall not use any hesitation in complying with Mrs. Beaumont's request, especially as it is seconded by so prevailing a voice as my Emily's.

I propose to pay my devoirs to you in Portland-Place on Thursday next. Though no very great period of time has elapsed since we met, what a variety of

strange,

M

strange, unexpected events have happened since that period! But, as we shall meet so soon, I have no occasion to expatiate on them at present.

Adieu, my dear Emily, till then; and believe me

Yours sincerely,

A

LUCY SACKVILLE.

LETTER LI.

Sir EDWARD LAWSON to Miss LAWSON.

Paris.
WITHOUT the fatigue of a journey to the south of France, I have the pleasure of informing you that I have found my friend restored once more to peace and happiness; and that all the clouds which hung over him are now entirely dispersed.

I arrived at a hotel in this city early in the evening; and had given directions to have every thing prepared for pursuing my journey in the morning. As I

eye

4 M

was

was sitting in my room, reading, I heard an English voice in the passage. This excited my curiosity. I listened attentively, and was soon convinced it was Wilmot's. I immediately flew out of the apartment, and went up to him. It is impossible to describe his joy at seeing me. He seized my hand, and grasping it eagerly, exclaimed, 'How can I repay this kindness, in crossing the sea to afford consolation to a wretched fugitive! But now rejoice with me. Congratulate me on my good fortune. Come! let me introduce you to my friends.'

Saying this, he led me into a room, where the first person who struck my

eyes was Sir William Danvers. But my attention was soon taken off from him by a much more interesting object: it was a young lady, uncommonly beautiful, of a stature rather exceeding the usual height of women—with the most regular features—dark hair, unsullied by powder—eyes expressive of dignity and sweetness united—and a countenance where I should have said melancholy was the prevailing character, were it not occasionally illuminated by the most animated smile imaginable.

To this lovely person I was conducted by Wilmot. 'Here, my friend,' said he, 'is the angelic cause of all my joys and all my sorrows; the latter of
' which

‘which are now, I hope, banished for
 ‘never. This is the Spectre that haunt-
 ‘ed me, and I hope ever will haunt
 ‘me. This is the charming object of
 ‘all my vows, and all my wishes, the
 ‘amiable, the adorable Maria Hamil-
 ‘ton.’

You may guess at my surprise on re-
 ceiving this information, but it was
 nothing equal to what followed. On my
 being introduced to her, she rose up,
 and as I advanced with the utmost re-
 spect to salute her, in the most melo-
 dious tone of voice I ever heard, she
 said, with a smile, ‘The last time I had
 ‘the honour of seeing you, Sir, you did
 ‘not treat me with quite so much po-
 ‘liteness.’

'liteness.'—I was startled at this reproof; but immediately replied, I must be strangely neglectful if I could have behaved otherwise to a lady; and my memory must be very treacherous indeed, if it could permit me to forget so beautiful and interesting an object as herself; and yet I could not recollect my ever having the happiness of being in her company before.

On this Wilmot laughed, and Miss Hamilton said, though I would not now acknowledge her acquaintance, she had been several months at my house in Hampshire, and during all that time I had never once done her the honour to ask her to dine at my table. At this, as

then

you

you may well imagine, I was all astonishment; when she proceeded—“Sir, the last conversation we had together was not, to be sure, very gallant, between a gentleman of Sir Edward Lawson’s politeness and a lady: for it consisted, on your part, of an order to me to acquaint Mr. Wilnot, that you were waiting dinner for him; and, on mine, of a promise to execute your commands with all the expedition in my power.”—These last words she uttered quite in a different tone and accent; and I immediately recognized the voice of our sable friend, honest Antonio! I could not help exclaiming, with astonishment, “Good heavens! what do I hear?” And then

then turning to Wilmot, I said, 'My
 ' dear friend, I sincerely beg your par-
 ' don for the infidelity I always express-
 ' ed as to your story of the Spectre;
 ' for, upon my honour, what my eyes
 ' and ears are now witnesses to, is by
 ' far more extraordinary and incredi-
 ' ble.'—Wilmot said, smiling, 'Why
 ' should you have refused me then the
 ' privilege of believing the evidence of
 ' my senses against the dictates of my
 ' reason, when you now assume the same
 ' right yourself?'
 Having again professed my wonder at
 this extraordinary metamorphosis, and
 expressing a strong desire to have my
 curiosity gratified, Miss Hamilton pro-
 mised,

mised, at the particular request of Mr.
 Wilmot and myself, to give me an ex-
 act account of every circumstance as
 soon as the tea and coffee, which were
 just brought in, should be over; and ac-
 cordingly, when the things were remov-
 ed, she began the following narrative.

'I presume Mr. Wilmot has informed
 you how our acquaintance commenced
 in the West Indies; of my previous
 engagement to another person, if a
 union resolved on, absolutely against
 the inclination of one of the parties,
 can be called an engagement; and of
 our reciprocal regard for each other.
 Indeed I had hardly time to shew the
 impression Mr. Wilmot's merit and
 assiduities

affiduities had made on my heart, when the jealous eye of my intended husband caught an alarm from our frequent conversations in public; and, at his earnest request, I was instantly hurried from the place where we then were, to another part of the island, and watched with the strictest care. My relations, instead of striving to persuade me into compliance, employed harsh treatment, and threats of worse. Too much accustomed to enforce obedience by the menace and the scourge, they were become insensible to the efficacy of milder means: and my lover thought it beneath the dignity of a man, whose frown could strike terror

for

ror into the souls of hundreds of his wretched fellow-creatures, to try by gentle attention to subdue the mind, when he believed the power of an uncle could give possession of the person; perhaps too he thought a woman as much subjected to his authority by nature, as his unhappy slaves were by oppressive laws, which are a disgrace to humanity.

How far a milder treatment might have induced me to become miserable myself, for the sake of obliging those who called themselves my friends, I will not pretend to determine, but the cruel usage I experienced left me no room for hesitation. The prospect of being

‘ being united for life to a man I dis-
‘ liked, and from whose jealousy of tem-
‘ per, and unfeeling disposition, I had
‘ every thing to fear, was too dreadful
‘ to be looked on without horror, I
‘ was resolved, at all events, to fly from
‘ so shocking a slavery.

‘ At this time my tyrants, either to
‘ aggravate my distress, or to shew me
‘ I had no farther hopes in regard to
‘ Mr. Wilmot, informed me that he had
‘ taken a passage in a vessel that was ex-
‘ pected every hour to sail for England.
‘ On hearing this, I formed the reso-
‘ lution of trying to accompany him.
‘ After various schemes had offered
‘ themselves to my imagination, I at
‘ last

‘last fixed on this—I prevailed on a
‘negro woman, who had nursed me, to
‘procure me the habit of one of the
‘slaves; and dyeing my face and hands
‘with a composition which I knew
‘would give the skin the exact tincture
‘of nature, and yet might be washed
‘off immediately, I made my escape
‘from the house, and went down to
‘the port in the character of a free
‘negro. I found Mr. Wilmot on the
‘point of embarking: I went to him,
‘and requested him to take me into
‘his service. To interest him more in
‘my favour, I pretended to be the son
‘of a favourite slave of my father’s;
‘and to prove how sincere his affection

for me was, I forged the story of my own death. Both my purposes were fully answered. The distraction of his grief proved the sincerity of his passion; and taking me by the hand, he said, "My lad, I receive you from this moment into my service. Your connection with the family of my adored Maria, is to me a sufficient recommendation."—The joy I felt on this reception is not to be conceived. I went on board with him, and we failed immediately.

The events of our voyage I have often heard Mr. Wilmot relate to you; and what passed after you met at Bath, I have no occasion to tell you. The

The extraordinary means I took to prevent his marriage with Miss Law-son, you will not easily forget; or my repetition of the same method to break off his growing attachment to my lovely friend here.

At these words she took a young girl by the hand who sat by her. I soon perceived it was the beautiful Zoe, who blushed and hung down her head; on which Miss Hamilton, with the sweetest smile imaginable, and a look of the most cordial complacency, said, 'My dear Zœ, do not be uneasy. From the first moment I saw you, I felt a partiality for you; and it is not at all lessened by the idea of your having

been the object of Mr. Wilmot's regard, especially as that regard owed its origin to a circumstance so flattering to me, as a fancied resemblance between our features. — The fair Greek made no answer to this endearing expression, but by pressing her hand to her bosom, while a tear of affection and gratitude stole down her cheek. — I now took a full view of the features of Zoe. Her form was elegant, her face handsome and expressive, and I could perceive some faint traces of the resemblance mentioned by Wilmot: but her charms were eclipsed entirely by the superior beauty of Miss Hamilton; which, adorned as it was at that instant by the effusions

effusions of modesty and benevolence, appeared more than human: and Wilmot, after looking at her for a minute with inexpressible rapture, turned eagerly to me; and said, 'Lawson, can you be surprised at my taking her for a supernatural being? I answered as hastily, 'Upon my honour, no!' This raised a blush on the cheek of Miss Hamilton; and smiling on Wilmot, and bowing gracefully to me, she proceeded.

'It may perhaps appear strange that I should continue my disguise so long, and expose myself to so many difficulties, and even subject myself to the necessity of playing the Amazon, which I was once compelled to do. But a

‘ delicacy of sentiment, perhaps ridicu-
‘ lous, tempted me to make the fullest
‘ trial of Mr. Wilmot’s constancy; and
‘ that trial has afforded me the most
‘ complete satisfaction. The natural
‘ sensibility of his disposition, I found
‘ made his heart easily susceptible of
‘ impressions; and from this I own I
‘ felt doubtful of the stability of his
‘ affection to me. While that doubt
‘ remained, I could not have been per-
‘ fectly happy; but it is now entirely
‘ removed. His fancy has wandered,
‘ but I believe his heart has been un-
‘ alterably mine: and I am convinced
‘ that, while I live, I never can have a
‘ rival in his bosom; I firmly believe I
‘ never

' never shall have another when I am
 ' dead. I have had the satisfaction of
 ' gaining by my fidelity and attachment
 ' the friendship of the person whose af-
 ' fection I had before won by my per-
 ' sonal attractions, and of having saved
 ' the life of the man I love at the
 ' hazard of my own.

' From these circumstances, I look on
 ' all my own fatigues and dangers as
 ' amply repaid. But I am not so easy
 ' as to the pains I was the cause of in-
 ' flicting on the bosom of my Wilmot;
 ' for though he is generously pleased to
 ' say, the present scene of joy more
 ' than balances the sufferings he has
 ' felt, I cannot so readily forgive myself

' as he can forgive me; nor can I think
 ' it a sufficient expiation, if I devote
 ' my life to the sole purpose of studying
 ' his happiness and meriting his love:
 ' a duty which, so far from being pain-
 ' ful, will be the only source of my fu-
 ' ture felicity.'

Here she would have concluded; but,
 on my requesting to know the particulars
 of her discovery, she went on thus:
 ' My last appearance to Mr. Wilmot
 ' had so visible an effect on his health
 ' and peace of mind, that I began to be
 ' very seriously alarmed for the conse-
 ' quences, and I found it unsafe to trifle
 ' a moment longer with his imagination.
 ' I accordingly formed the resolution of
 disclosing to her the untruths which

“discovering myself to him : but how
“to do it was the difficulty. If I came
“to him in my own dress and complex-
“ion, I was fearful of the impression my
“third appearance might make on his
“fancy, in the low state in which his
“spirits then were, before I could come
“to any explanation : and I could
“hardly reconcile myself to the indeli-
“cacy of doing it in the habit of a man.
“While I was in this state of doubt, he
“called me to him one morning, and
“in an affectionate voice said to me—
“Antonio, I feel my mind very much
“distressed, and that distress is increased
“by a sense of my unworthy conduct to
“you. I have long perceived your re-
“gard for Zoc, and the uneasiness which
“you

“you have shewn at my attention to her:
“an unbusiness which it was unpardon-
“able in me to cause, had not a thou-
“sand other reasons made my conduct
“highly criminal. Every time I saw
“you, I ought to have recollected from
“whose family I received you: that
“should have been sufficient to restrain
“my vagrant fancy, without disturbing
“again the eternal rest of my lost, my
“ever lost Maria!” —I could bear no
“more. I could not help exclaiming,
“My dear Mr. Wilmot! she is not lost
“to you. She lives, and lives only to
“make you happy.” —“Antonio,” he
“cried, “don’t trifle with my misery.” —
“By all my hopes,” I replied, “I would
“sooner die than add one pang to your
“distress.

"distress. She is alive; I can shew her
"to you immediately."—"Lead me to
"her this moment then," he cried.—I
"answered, in my own voice, "There is
"no occasion to move from this place:
"she is now with you; I am Maria
"Hamilton."—His astonishment at the
"sound of my voice had nearly deprived
"him of his senses; and, if I had not
"supported him, he would undoubtedly
"have sunk to the ground. I then
"cleared my face from its black cover-
"ing. The scene that followed was too
"affecting for me to attempt the de-
"scription of it. Suffice it to say, that
"I had the pleasure to see the third ap-
"pearance of the Spectre entirely remove
"the

‘the ill consequences occasioned by the
‘first and second.’

Here she ceased : and I most sincerely
congratulated them both on the happy
issue of their adventures. We spent the
rest of the evening with the utmost
cheerfulness; and I heartily rejoiced at
finding so agreeable a period put to my
southern journey.

Having given you an account of all
that concerns my friends, I have now
something to relate that is more parti-
cularly interesting to yourself.—The next
morning, after breakfast, Sir William Dan-
vers whispered in my ear, that he wished
to have some conversation apart with
me. Accordingly I took the first op-
portunity

portunity of going down into the garden of the hotel, and he soon followed me. After a few common observations, which among well-bred people are generally used as preludes to entering on any business of consequence, he said, 'Will you, Sir Edward, forgive my impertinence, in asking if you think Miss Lawson's affections are engaged?' I immediately told him I had every reason to think they were not. I was compelled to this piece of dissimulation: for I imagine you would not have been pleased, had I informed him of what I know so well—that they are unalterably engaged to him. Will you then, Sir, 'permit me,' added he, 'to accompany
 ' you

you to England? When I had the good fortune to meet your family at Cheltenham some years ago, I conceived the warmest regard for Miss Lawton: a regard which my circumstances then compelled me to conceal; but which neither length of time, nor distance of situation, have in the smallest degree abated. I did flatter myself that I was not quite disagreeable to her; but as my fortune gave me no pretensions to aspire to her hand, my only resource was to fly from her presence. I have since that time succeeded to a large estate; and I only request the liberty of being now allowed an opportunity of endeavour-

ing

ing to recover the favourable opinion
'with which, if my earnest wishes did
'not deceive me, I then flattered myself
'Miss Lawson honoured me.'

In answer to this, I expressed the happiness I should feel in being so nearly allied to him; and was still more unequivocal in declaring my certainty of your not having received any new impression. Yet I thought it right to mention (though with censure to myself) the transaction with regard to Wilmot. But he interrupted me, and assured me that he had been fully informed of the whole affair, and was perfectly satisfied with your conduct. He was too polite to agree with me in condemnation of mine,

mine, whatever might be his real sentiments.

I think therefore, my dear sister, I may now congratulate you, not on the hope only, but almost on the certainty, of being united with the man of your choice; an event which, in any circumstances, would give me the highest sense of pleasure; but particularly when I reflect how nearly that hope had been blasted forever by my interposition.

Before I conclude this long epistle, I must mention a singular *rencontre* we had the other day. As Sir William Danvers and myself were walking in the *Palais Royal*, we overheard two soldiers conversing in English, one of whom spoke

with

with a strong Irish accent. On which Sir William Danvers calling to him, said, 'How d' ye do, countryman? But how was I astonished, on the man's turning round, to be informed by Sir William, that he was the Don Quixot from whom I have so often heard you mention his protecting you at Cheltenham, and which was the first cause of our acquaintance! but my surprize was still greater, to find that his comrade was no other than the elegant Mr. Bedford; villain as he was, I felt hurt to see him in such a situation: as soon as he knew us, he slunk away in the greatest confusion. But the bold Hibernian stood his ground unmoved; and Sir William putting a *louis d'or* into his hand, which

he received with many bows, advised him, if he did not wish to disgrace his country and his profession, never to keep company again with that scoundrel; a piece of good counsel which I enforced by the same argument and gratuity. Sir William was surprised at my being acquainted with the villainy of Eldridge when I gave him the whole account of his behaviour at Bath, under the name of Bedford. I now think it full time to put an end to this voluminous letter, which I hope soon to follow myself, and propose leaving Paris in a few days. Adieu and believe me, ever your affectionate brother,

EDWARD LAWSON.

O 2

William

believe, and many have received
aid and comfort from his

CONCLUSION

As immediately after the last letter
was received, most of the persons
whose epistles have been selected, met in
London, the correspondence of course
ceased. The Editor therefore has only
to glaze, for the satisfaction of those who
may be interested in the story, that, soon
after their arrival in England, Mr. Wil-
mot and the fair SPECTRE, Sir Edward
Lawson and Miss Sackville, and Sir
William Danvers and Miss Lawson, were
made respectively happy in the possession
of each other—that Mrs. Beaumont,
retiring to Bath, gave up her house and
estate at Ashton, by the particular re-
quest of Sir Edward Lawson, to Sir

William Danvers and her niece, who

divide their time between that and their

residence in the sister kingdom—and

that Mr. Wilmot settled the Greek fa-

mily on a farm of his in Dorsetshire,

where the beautiful Zoe, having cap-

tivated the heart of a young clergyman

in the neighbourhood, the amiable Mrs.

Wilmot, who had succeeded to a large

fortune on the death of her uncle in

Antigua, presented her with a thousand

pounds as a marriage portion, which

Mr. Wilmot accompanied with the gift

of a living of three hundred pounds a

year to her husband.



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